

The Cup, Cat & Cauldron © Magazine



The Cup, Cat & Cauldron

Owner: Greenlee Robertsdottir (Andrea Van Scoyoc)

Published in accordance to the Year Wheel



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A FREE publication, sharing the knowledge of the Ancients...and a few things we modern folk have picked up along the journey.

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A Word From Your Editor...

Shhh... listen. Do you hear it? Those faint whispers on the wind, the subtle rattlings and unexplained shadows seen just out of the corner of your eye...

It's Samhain, The Celtic New Year...a time when the veil is thin and the otherworld, a world of darkness is just a glimpse away.

Pumpkins, black cats and all things of the Olde Worlde and Olde Ways comes alive for those of us who understand the call from the mist.

In Shadow... *Greenlee*



As The Year Wheel Makes Another Turn...

By: Lilis Lair

In honor of the past Sabbat...

MABON

Mabon, the Autumnal Equinox. The second or continuing harvest. The true Thanksgiving.

The day and night is equal once again, and the Great Mother is heavy with natures bounty.

Balance, is the message she brings as we celebrate what we have harvested thus far.

The harvest moon is above.

Apples and honey are sacred on Mabon.

The colours of the Goddess are those of deep Autumn, russets, deep greens, and maroon.

The incense which fills the air are musky, and woodsy.

Her Element is Earth.

Let us gather and share.

Be grateful for what we have.

Find the balance in our lives, and as we do so the wheel turns once again to the last of our harvest festivals.

In Honor Of The Present Sabbat

SAMHAIN

Samhain. The pagan new year. The final harvest festival. The wall between this world and the spirit, is at its thinnest.

Samhain is the time of reflection, and celebrating the culmination of a years work, and intentions.

The Great Mother sits at the precipice of birth, and reflects on all of the years comings and goings.

Fire, Earth, Air, Water, and Aether ALL encompass the elements of the season.

The scent of spices fill the air. Cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, clove and all-spice, cooked and burned to bring forth protection and prosperity for the coming year.

Eat, drink, be merry, grateful, and reflect on your choices.

The wheel turns, and begins anew.



Hills, Haints & Hollers...

Those strange "isms," those odd omens, those old sayings you heard your Grandmother utter and made you wonder if they were true.

All legend has its base in *some* kind of truth...doesn't it?

These treasures were submitted by reader Mary Ann...

If you sneeze on a Sunday, money is coming your way.

On New Years Eve, to bring good luck to your home, open the front and back doors so good luck can walk in while pushing bad luck out.

When a relative dies, kiss them on the forehead and they will not come back to visit you.

If you are drinking liquor, pour a little on the ground to satisfy past spirits.

When harvesting apples, leave one apple on the tree to keep the Devil away.

When 2 people of the same name live in a house, it will keep ghosts away.

Never carry an axe or hoe into a house. It means death.

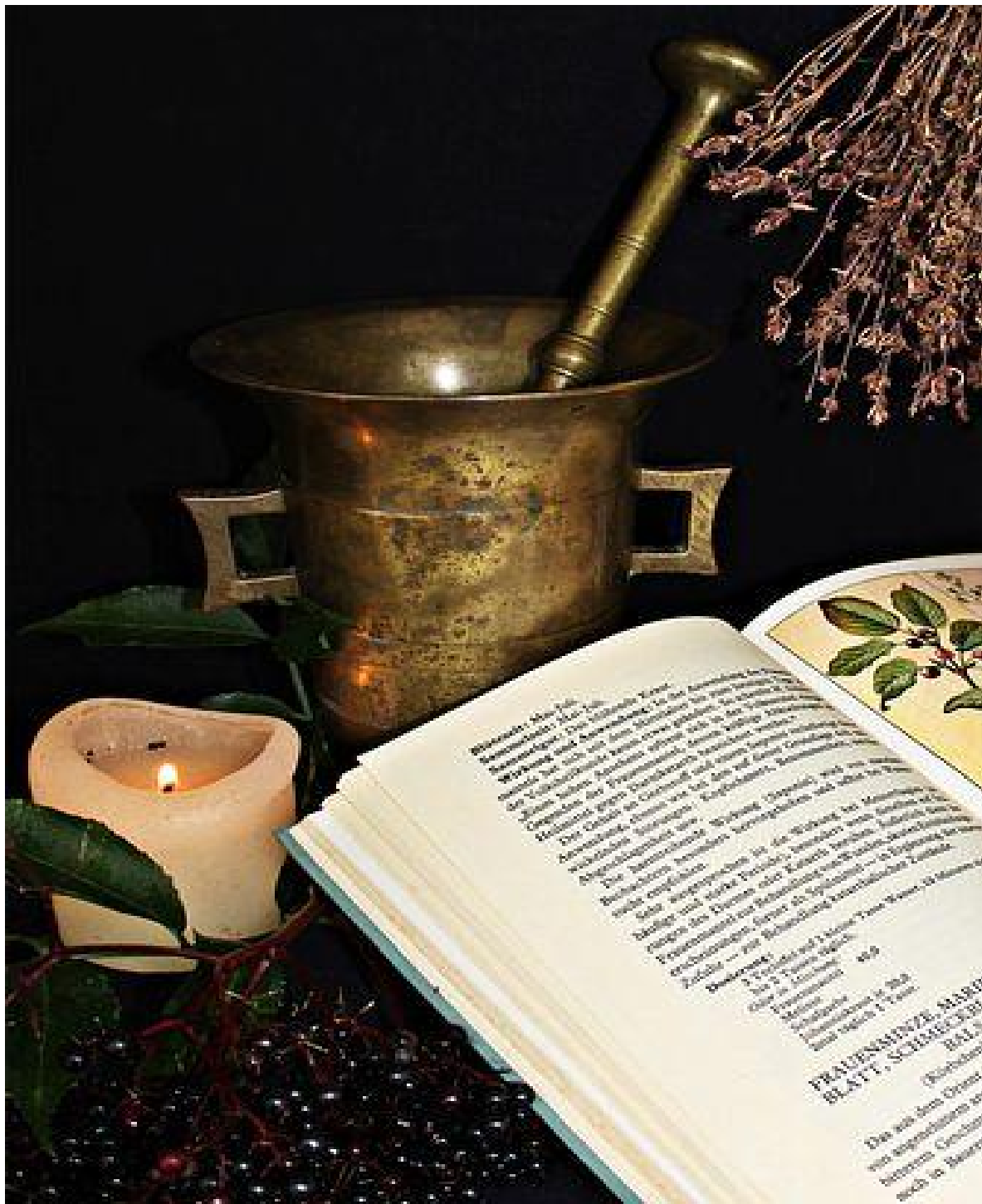
Wind chimes will call up the dead.

Don't walk on someone's grave or you will be haunted by their ghost.

A star pattern quilt on your bed will protect you from evil spirits.



Watch for more in the Yule issue!





Thinning Veils In Modern Life...

By: Greenlee Robertsdottir

Since it's Samhain and the veils between the realms are thin, I can't help but wonder who will see, "something," who will see something they won't recognize as otherworldly (or ignore it out of fear) or...those so closed-minded they see, nothing.

I thought I'd take a trip back to my wedding...1994.

I was reminded of this when I shared it with someone the other day.

While it is true that, before Samhain the veils begin to thin and then on Samhain, the veils are the thinnest, it doesn't have to be just, Samhain that our world and the world of those who've gone before, collide.

Ghosts and the otherworldly are always around us. We just have to see it.

My husband and I were married on a battlefield/mass grave. Retreating and with no time to properly bury the dead soldiers, they were simply buried in one, mass grave.

My husband and I were married on the historic marker...a large, marble based monument a few feet back from the actual gravesite. It was gorgeous.

We were married at dusk, by lamplight.

As the sun crept lower, replaced by darkness, the feeling of being "joined by the uninvited," was absolutely palpable. There was no denying that we and our small wedding party were NOT alone.

In fact, one of my friend's sons chatted (loudly and incoherently - he was about two at the time) with someone only he could see.

The air around the battlefield gravesite and monument was charged, respectful
and...almost solemn.

Think in the original version of the film, *The Fog*, at the end in the church when all
the ghosts appear.

Our wedding group was much like that...punctuated by people from another space,
joining us just briefly to share our joy.

There was even fog, just like in the film...when there absolutely should **not** have
been.

After the ceremony we paid all due respect to those who'd fallen, thanked them
for their sacrifice and for, obviously as nothing bad happened during our ceremony,
their blessings.

It's a night I'll never forget and will always treasure.



Marigolds Cottage

By: Greenlee Robertsdottir



In the tiny, secluded village of Pebble Rose lies the ruins of an old, old cottage...the remnants of our very own witch's cottage

Marigold Saxon lived about 500 years ago and was the village healer.

She worked for trade only (no one had money in the village back then; they didn't need it! Everything was done by barter) and healed a lot of people, living to the ripe old age of 103.

Some of the old timers said she was descended from the "Elder Folk," those who'd married Elves and that was where her power came from.

I've always been fascinated with her and often visit her cottage.

Wild herbs still grow there and if you take a basket, you can gather all kinds of healing leaves, stems, roots and flowers.

No one is allowed to dig up any plants, and we ask that people NOT over-cultivate her lasting gifts to us, but take what you need and always leave a little something for Marigold.

I usually make a wreath and leave it on the ruins of what was her cottage.



See you at Yule!

